

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

At the Breakfast Table at Sam's.—The Nude in Nature.

The Doctor looked banged up about the eyes and talked bass, and said he felt meaner than a dog. I said, "What's up?" He said, "Went to a leg show last night at the Opera House." Said I, "young man you are coming, you are getting older every day you live."

Then we got to talking about the "Nude in Nature." It's a settle fact that they are going to have it "in art"—"Mrs Hart" in the court house rotunda settled that hash, and now the fight is coming on as to whether they are going to have it "in nature."

May be the moss is sprouting on my back, but I am doubtful about the first and square out forrest the latter.

I hear that a minister and his wife got up and walked out of the house at the Doctor's anatomical show.

I give him credit for it. I reckon nobody is going to charge me with being a Puritan dead gone on the "Blue Jaws" of Connecticut, but I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, we ought to draw the line somewhere on this racket.

I just dearly love the Opera and I don't care how funny you make it so that you keep it pure. I've seen the Can-Can (don't for pity's sake, mistake that for Con Con) in Paris and the original "Black Crook" at Nibbles's Garden. I have seen some first

soured on the Doctor's stomach, cured me of sucking eggs, and I have never taken any of it in mine since I used to do it professionally as a newspaper reporter.

The only two sweethearts that I have had since I was a married man are "Dolly Varden," and Emma Abbott.

She's dead, they say, but I'll bet buttermilk she's still a singing with a harp accompaniment by the angels, and if she rings in a few bars from the "Moon Song" in "Mikado," they'll have to stir themselves to get away with her. I shall never forget that scene in her dressing room that I have written you about when she set me down in her open trunk full of diamonds—\$100,000 worth if they were worth a nickel and between her cues in "Mikado," when the people laughed and cried and shouted and applauded and almost buried the little woman in flowers, she still had time to tell me, a newspaper reporter, in the most entrancing snatches and broken doses, how she rose up in church and skinned that preacher in Nashville, who lampooned her not knowing that she was present, and nailed his pachydermatous hide, riddled until it would not hold skulls, on the gable end of history to dry, a warning to preachers that they ought to know who they are preaching to when they preach.

But you never got "Miss Emma," into tight, and when at a critical time, in the beginning of her career, she broke a big engagement with a big manager because she would not get into them, she had sounded the key note of the career which immortalized her.

When, in Shakespeare, sweet "Rosalind" comes out in tight, that the very essence of the play demands that's all right and fitting and proper.

Under such circumstances a pretty woman's ankle, with great latitude—yes, and longitude—at tached to the meaning of the word, is not a thing to be sneezed at, but in the otherwise sweet "H. M. S. Pinafore," they go out of the way to pander to the gross appetite of the peanut gallery by representing young midshipmen by pretty girls in tight, when the greatest land lubber in the world knows that a sailor always wants the biggest breeches he can get, it makes me tired, and, like the Doctor, when it's all

over I feel like I have compromised myself.

No, "Miss Emma" wasn't fast, so that the boys could say "Whoa Emma," and while she talked to me she was wrapped from her throat to the tips of the turned up toes of her Japanese shoes in the most gorgeously decorated—with gold and pearls and diamonds—velvet Japanese robes that cost money by the thousands.

It did look too utterly too too funny for anything on earth, to see that little woman preaching away as earnestly as a Methodist at a High Bridge Camp meeting, with her face all painted up and the big Japanese hair pins sticking through her hair, but I wouldn't have laughed for a thousand dollars though I liketer busted.

Talk about a woman having brains!

The combined cerebral force of Billy Breckinridge, Jo Blackburn and John G. Carlisle could not have done it.

Last night when the moon was shining full, and the earth was all fresh from the rain, I boarded one of the open electric cars and took that circle through the fair grounds.

It beats a gondola in Venice. Now let me give you gentlemen of the Fair Association and of the Electric railway a pointer. There's millions in it.

Go out to the Fair ground and build inside of the big enclosure that the trotting track runs around, just across the track from the electric road, an "Auditorium," one story high, that will hold 5,000 people, and gives us, at the very cheapest kind of rates, lectures and dramatic entertainments that shall be as pretty and funny as the Dickens, but rigidly draw the line at the indecent, and give me an advertisement in the Blade and I will fill it chock full, and I will make nearly every preacher in town go and take "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts"—don't know about his

Dr. J. D. Smith of Paducah, Criticizes Dr. David Barrow of Lexington, on Wine at the approaching Medical Meeting in this City.

PADUCAH, KY., April, 1891.

To the Bluegrass Blade.
Eighteen years ago the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society was held in this city, and unwritten history tells us that the meeting wound up with a wine supper, from which some of the members went to their quarters in poor plight for examining and prescribing for the sick.

Four years ago the Society met here again, and, by an extra effort on the part of a few of us, alcoholic liquors were ruled out of the program.

Dissatisfaction at this was expressed by some of the members, and at the close of the meeting rumor said that more care would be exercised in selecting committees of arrangements in the future so that such a mistake might not be made again.

Of course the mistake was not made again the next year, because it was guarded against from the beginning.
One year ago the society met at the neighboring city of Henderson, and the writer addressed a note to the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Dr. Fletcher of that place, to know if intoxicating liquors would be introduced as a part of the program, so that he might know whether to arrange his business so as to attend the meeting.

Dr. Fletcher replied that the question of introducing alcoholic liquors as a part of the program for the meeting had not been settled by the committee, but that when settled he would write again.

No further communication was received from the Doctor, and hence the writer did not attend.

On the 16th of March, ult., the following circular was received which explains itself.

THE MEETING OF THE KENTUCKY STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 2, '91.
Dear Doctor:

It is my pleasure to announce that the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society, will be held in this city on May 27th, 28th and 29th prox.

We trust that you will make a reasonable sacrifice to attend this meeting, which we promise will be full of practical interest and high order of work; and, socially, everything will be done for the comfort and pleasure of the members.

We also, invite all regular physicians, in good standing in this Commonwealth to ally themselves with this Society, and earnestly work for its promotion and success.

If it is your intention to read a paper, send its title, at an early date, to the Permanent Secretary, Dr. Steele Bailey, Standford, Ky., so that the program may be advantageously arranged.

Reports of the proceedings will be made by a competent Stenographer, and abstracts of all papers, with the discussions, will appear at once, in the leading Medical Journals.

We again urge you to come. Respectfully,
DAVID BARROW, M. D.
Chair. Com. of Arrangements.

To which the following reply was sent.
PADUCAH, KY., March 16, '91.

Dr. David Barrow, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, Lexington.
My Dear Sir:

Your circular announcing May 27, 28 and 29th as the time fixed for the Annual Meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society is to hand, in which you say, "and, socially everything will be done for the comfort and the pleasure of the members."

Does this mean, Doctor, that alcoholic liquors in any form, will be a part of that social program? I don't know that I shall be

holio liquors are to be served as a part of the social, or any other program, I shall certainly not be present.

It is true that in many localities those who use these beverages step to the front, and claim the right of way in scientific, as well as political organizations. But it is equally true that those who do not use them, nor approve of their use socially have a right to silently enter their protest against the tyranny which seems to be inherent in their use, and in the traffic that furnishes them, by absenting themselves from the places and occasions where they are to be made a part of the social program.

I am, my dear Sir, Yours fraternally,
J. D. SMITH, M. D.

To which the following reply was received.
LEXINGTON, KY., March 17, '91.
Dr. J. D. Smith, Paducah, Ky.
Dear Doctor:

Your letter of March 16th, just received. Alcoholic drinks will not be a special feature of our entertainment.

We will have a banquet on the night of the 28th of May, and on that occasion wine will flow freely. Hope you can be with us.

Yours truly,
DAVID BARROW.

But, says one, what is all this about?

There is just this in it. In many places there are certain privileges and courtesies not extended to the physician unless he becomes a member of one or more medical societies.

On becoming a member he is expected, and in the Kentucky State Medical Society he is required, to pay his annual dues to meet the expenses of the society, or forfeit his membership.

The lovers of wine and patrons of the saloon, either by a little strategy or actual majorities, manage to thrust liquor into some part of the program at the meetings of these societies, and thereby force the sober element out, or compel them to be present and thereby endorse liquor drinking and its attendant evils.

The writer for one, stays out, and will continue to do so at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

His mind now rests on a case that impressed him very profoundly; and which he will likely not forget. An eminent physician wrote, and published in pamphlet form, a defense of the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage; on the plea of the enjoyment their use afforded. That pamphlet was thrust into the face of the writer because of the position he occupied on the question. It was accepted, carefully read, and the broad margins of every page covered with critical notes, and the pamphlet returned to the owner.

The author has but one son, and had raised and taught him in the practice of his pamphlet's theory.

This son, probably inheriting an unstable constitution as the result of the regular, but moderate drinking habit of his father, became a drunkard and because of a remonstrance of his father for his conduct while intoxicated, sent a bullet crashing through his own brain, and appeared in the presence of his God for judgment as to whether he or his father was responsible for the act.

The writer has seven sons still living, all now grown. They are the indirect, and the writer the direct, offspring of a liquor drinking ancestry. They have all been taught to abhor the wine cup above everything else; to look upon it as a deceiver and upon those who are deceived by it as unwise. And yet the father of these young men, all sober; industrious and honorable, is called upon to meet a body of grave medical gentlemen in the city of Lexington, and give them in a banquet that would give the lie to the teachings of his whole life, or else be left on the outside and be branded as an "social crank."

True this has no influence with the writer, but it is so with many of the younger members of the profession. A large number of these young men are being well

sober parents, have entered the medical profession because of the supposed honor attached to it. They have been graduated in the profession, and then told by their teachers that they cannot expect to receive its courtesies unless they join its societies. And there, when they attend the meeting of these societies, they are debauched by wine sippers thrust upon them by older members, and sometimes by their teachers, who know, and ought to do, better.

Frequently the aid of fair woman is invoked in the accomplishment of this diabolical work; and while with their own hands they extend the wine cup to new beginners in the school of vice, others of their victims more advanced in the curriculum of said school, are not infrequently to be found reveling in the near by gambling hell or brothel. And then, as if to add insult to injury, these same good women will go next day, and offer charity to the neglected wives, mothers, sisters and children of those whom they, or other women like them, have helped to debauch with liquor and start on the road to ruin.

If an excuse is asked for the severity of this arraignment, the reply is that there is no class of men on earth who know better the terrible effects of liquor drinking than the medical profession, and no class of people on earth who suffer half so much from its indirect effects as women and their helpless offspring. Hence nothing but the most reckless disregard of the common instincts of humanity could lead these two elements of society to combine for the purpose of encouraging and perpetuating the habit.

It is not necessary for an intelligent and observing physician, or a cultivated lady, to stop to think of a heaven or a hell, or of future rewards and punishments, in order to shrink from such a responsibility. If the destruction, misery and woe, of even their far off kith and kin, brought about by the habit is not sufficient to deter them, it is not likely that even the contemplation of the joys of heaven or the horrors of hell, would arouse their blunted sensibilities.

Desperate cases need desperate remedies; hence the pointedness of this arraignment.

Respectfully
J. D. SMITH.

A Washington Judge Calls to see me and Talks About Col. Ingersoll's Dead Brother, et al.

A few minutes before I write a most elegant and accomplished gentleman that I had never met before called at my office to pay me for his paper, and to talk with me.

He is a Judge who for years has practiced law in Washington City, and of course I felt complimented.

He is a reader of The Arena, and sketched over the article of Rev. J. W. McGarvey of our city in the May issue, that lay upon my table, with a view to reading it more carefully. He knew of Rev. McGarvey, said he was a scholar and a man of capacity but needed a little spreading out.

The Judge said that the brother of Col. Ingersoll, over whom the Colonel delivered that famous funeral oration, used frequently to come to his office and play euchre, (the Judge did not play himself) but, he said, that the dead Ingersoll was not a man of any special capacity, but was merely a jolly rollicking, good natured man.

The Judge is the intimate personal friend of Rev's Robert Colyer—one of my "Four Bobs"—and David Swing, and has been in the habit of going fishing with Colyer. He says he is a splendid companion.

The Judge was born in Maine and is a good Prohibitionist, but he abominates Talmage and Sam Jones. He likes old Brother Beecher.

Talmage and Sam are mighty good Prohibitionists, and that fact "covers a multitude of sins" with me, but it bugs me to swallow either of them.

The "Reporter" Not in It.
Kentucky has now four Prohibition party papers. The Blue Grass Blade of Louisville; The Worker, of Cincinnati; and "The Reporter," of Somerset.—New York Voice.

All of these except the Reporter are truly loyal Prohibition papers; but I do not think that one ought to claim to be such. Excepting a series of editorials which have appeared in the Reporter the purport of which is to impress upon its readers that I am an infidel, there has not for a number of issues been in the Reporter any allusion in any way to the Prohibition cause, nor to any temperance work of any kind, nor do I remember to have seen in it any advocacy of any kind of morals.

To assure the public that I am accurate in my statement, I hereby call the attention of the Southern Journal and of the Worker to the fact that it will be their duty to the Reporter to correct my statement if what I say about it is not true.

The editor of the Reporter was in the Confederate army, and his paper is edited in a Republican county.

As far as I can determine its politics it seems to be Democratic.

Its editor may be a Prohibitionist, but I do not see how a man can be much of a Prohibitionist and edit a newspaper without saying as much for Prohibition as many Democratic papers here do.

The Georgetown Times, for instance, that is a leading Democratic paper gives unstinted space to Prohibition writers, and many of the best Democratic papers in the Bluegrass kingdom give kindly notice of Prohibition meetings and other Prohibition matters as the Reporter does not.

I think it is misleading to allude to the Reporter as a Prohibition paper.

Its editor says his is not a partisan paper, and I cannot conceive of a Prohibition paper that is not partisan.

I do not suppose that the editor of the Reporter claims to edit a Prohibition paper.

He has shown great opposition to me and my paper; but of that I do not complain, because I think that is the editor's idea of religion, and there is as good reason to suppose he is conscientious in the matter as there generally is in such cases.

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patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat

stripes. They are quoted at 30c.; we have marked them at 20c. per yard. A full

line of Dress Gingham, in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c.; our price

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they are worth 80c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks

above, 22c.; worth 40c.

Ladies' Walking Skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 40c.; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing

many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in both black and fancy, prior

to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will

show how these early purchasers benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 55c.; we still have

them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c.; we still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, foot patterns, costing you now 40c.; still

marked at 25c.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c.; 4711 Glycerine, different

sorts at 42c. per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c.; Vaseline, in bottles,

at 10c.; Ammonia, for household purposes, only 10c. per quart bottle.

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